
Title: The Rebirth of a Mortal

Author: Tara

Preparations had been made it took some doing, but potions had been released from the Skull - a mixture of nightshade and two other ingredients on which Tara did not wish to speculate. GloomShade had insisted that these potions were necessary to utterly kill a ghoul and continue the ritual and they must be used quickly. Even as she held them, Tara could see the glass smoke slightly on the inside of the vials. She looked around Golgotha. Arch'ist Gale had promised to meet her in the Tower of Skulls before journeying to the Church of Oblivion for the ceremony. As she accepted the potions delicately from Shadow of the Order of the Ebon Skull, Tara noticed Arch'ist skulk into the building. Frost had formed on his nose from the arctic chill outside and Tara caught herself hoping maliciously that it stung. Once the ghoul arrived, GloomShade materialized behind him, scrutinizing his

form and nodding to
Tara.

"All right," he said,
his voice sounding
ever so slightly of a
mourning wind
through dead tree
limbs. "Let us depart
for the Church. The
Del'Roh awaits us
there."

Arch'ist twitched as
the wraith's voice
startled him and for
the second time
Tara smiled slightly
at his discomfort. A
swirling gate opened
and the three
stepped through to the
Church. Vyctr did
indeed wait for the
three within the
relative comforts of
the bone-strewn
building, Bal-Anon
Dak with him,
interested in the
proceedings in his
Church. The Del'Roh
nodded slightly to
GloomShade and Tara
at their entrance and
regarded Arch'ist
with cold
indifference. Tara
had told him of how
the ghoul had been
made, of the Blood
of a vampire, stolen
from its intended and
consumed by Arch'ist,
then a
mortal. To a member
of the Order of the
Ebon Skull, this theft
was a high
crime, deserving of
death, but Tara had
asked for his life as a
favor and
GloomShade and Vyctr
allowed the trade for a
price. Vyctr watched
the proceedings in
silence, perhaps

plotting his own
retribution against the
audacity of Arch'ist.

After securing
permission from the
necromancer, Dak,
GloomShade began the
ritual of unmaking the
ghoul. He retrieved
the potions from Tara,
the bottles
now bubbling
internally and bade
Arch to stand before
him on the altar.

"You have been tainted
by a curse. You are a
flesh eater damned
for your inhuman
hunger. We seek to
release you from this
curse. You will
be prepared for this
ceremony by Tara.
Drink these potions,
which will sever your
soul from the infected
body. As you are
dying, the taint will
beremoved from your
organs and your body
will die. We will then
inter your soul into
that body with the
cleansed organs. You
will no longer be a
ghoul but you must not
eat for three days to
ensure the cleansing.

This is aterribly
painful ordeal.
Remove your armor
and drink the potions."
After stripping his
chain tunic, Arch
quickly consumed the
two vials. As the
liquid hit his throat,
his eyes went wide in
terror. Pain wracked
his body.
Tara allowed him to
experience that pain
for a brief second
before unsheathing a

ceremonial dagger,
slicing open the skin
covering his chest and
peeling it back to
reveal his ribcage. She
slammed her fist into
his breast
bone, shattering it and
revealing his naked
organs and beating
heart. Without
severing them from
his body, Tara gently
lifted them out of his
body. Arch
lay gasping his final
breath as Tara
severed the organs and
handed them to
GloomShade.
Once the ghoul was
dead, the Wraith Lord
quickly spoke some
hushed words over
them in a language
that Tara did not
understand. Vyctr
listened intently and
stood as GloomShade
removed the last
vestiges of vampiric
blood from the
organs. After placing
the organs back into
the body lying on the
dais, GloomShade
stepped back so that
the Del'Roh could
resurrect Arch'ist
through
magical means.
"I hope he learns to
leave Kindred affairs
alone." Vyctr muttered
as he spoke
the words of power
and infused Arch'ist's
mortal corpse with
energy. "Now
begone."
Arch'ist's face again
contorted with pain as
his soul was forced
into his
scarred body. With a
slight twinge of
sympathy for the
man, Tara threw a

couple of quick heals
his way before he
recalled out of the
Church. Her
conscience pricked
her momentarily for
making the ceremony
more painful than
necessary, but only
momentarily.

Bal-Anon smiled as
he cleared the debris
from the ritual and
began preparations for
his Mass.